# COMICAL REMARKS
## ON THE
# Publick REPORTS.

*From* Rome.

*Report.* THE Pious *French* King is become *Savoys* Friend,
And offers to yield the Affairs to Debate,
As Umpire of which do's the Pope recommend,
Whom 'tis thought he has cunningly purchas'd of late.

*Remark.* 'Tis ſtrange the Church Right ſhould now be thruſt in,
And the War declar'd Holy, which ſo late was a Sin;
When Religion ſo ſcanty between 'em is known;
If the Pope may have any, the Monſieur has none.

*When two old Enemies joyn Forces, that there's Miſchief hatching againſt ſome Body, is ſtale News.*

*From* Paris.

*Report.* Nine Second Rate Frigats, built ſpick and ſpan new,
At *Breſt* joyn the Fleet, ſome Exploit to purſue:
Prepar'd, not to Hector at *Torbay* again,
But Challenge us nearer on *Salisbury-plain.*

*Remark.* But yet if the King and the Commons unite,
And ſend but an Admiral out that will fight;
We may make 'em pay ſauce for the Sheep that they ſteal,
And *Baiſe nos Culs* ſay to Monſieur *Tourvile.*

*This is no ill News if Money comes in briskly, and the Fleets are equal.*

*From* Deal.

*Report.* 'Tis ſent by the Poſt to the *Portugal* Walk,
That the *French* Privateers have once had a balk;
That inſtead of good Plunder, the Joy of their Souls,
They have miſs'd our PlateFleet, and have ſeiz'd on our Coals.

*Remark.* A pretty miſtake, but can do them no harm,
For if not enrich'd, they may keep themſelves warm;
And tho' 'tis all Dirt, in a ſenſe taken right,
We better can ſpare them the black than the white.
Mean while in the City, their Joys are at full,
Theſe Forty Sail Laden with Bullion and Wool,
Will make them ſo generous, that when they've Survey'd,
The next happy Votes, for the new Royal Aid,
To pleaſure the King, their dear Gold they'll relax,
Nor bate him his Cuſtoms, nor grudge him his Tax.

*Good News for the City, with a ſmall Jerk at their Purſes.*

*From* Plimouth.

*Report.* For want of good Convoy, by numbers oppreſt,
The *Dutch* have loſt Ships by the ſcowrers of *Breſt*;
Which ſhews Chance of War is to loſe as to win,
Since laſt Week, 'tis ſaid, they two Prizes brought in;
One laden with Brandy, for Comfort and Eaſe,
The other with Salt Herrings, Butter and Cheeſe.

*Remark.* What's better than Butter, in which they delight;
Or Cheeſe, dear as Butter, to cauſe 'em to fight:
Tho Brandy and Herrings do purchaſe their praiſe,
'Cauſe Brandy the Salt of the Herrings allays:

Their Bellies when Butter'd much better does fill,
Their Bellies, when Butter'd, have Courage at will:
And to make my Verſe Chime with a clink in the cloſe,
For Butter, they better do batter their Foes.

*This fat News makes two ſort of Mouths water, Cheeſemongers, and a part of the Foot Guards.*

*From* Whitehall.

*Report.* From hence 'tis reported there lately was ſent,
An Order of Council to Try Mrs. *Br——t*,
Accus'd for receiving, as Fame loudly Sings,
Strange Letters in Cyphers, containing ſhrewd things.
A Prieſt late Converted, has thought fit to tell us,
The Warming-pan Plot of the late little *Wallus*,
Which ſhe to improve, Correſpondence did uſe,
With Foreign Abettors in cloſe *Billet Doux*.

*Remark.* Did ever a Plot to a Miſchief extend,
But always a Woman would be at one end
To them a Stanch Hill can be ne're out of Seaſon,
They will be Intreagu'd, tho' the Caſe be High Treaſon.
But now if the Judges ſhould be ſo preciſe,
To Sentence her for it, If I might Adviſe,
She of the Indictment a Copy ſhould draw,
And bring in her Husband to prove 'tis no Law.

*If the News Paper ſhould chance to Lye, here's a good Jeſt ſpoil'd now.*

*From* Brentford.

*Report.* A Limb of the Law, near a hundred years old,
Has took an occaſion to dye of a Cold;
For whom floods of Tears do ſo guſh from all Eyes,
'Tis thought, in the Country, the Waters will riſe.

*Remark.* The loſs is ſo great that it reaches to me,
That now write his Epitaph without a Fee:
*If any Enquire who is under this Stone,*
*Let him know he's not Dead, but the Circuit is gone,*
*In Dirt ſix foot deep, as he ſtill us'd to be;*
*He's trudg'd with the Judges to get a good Fee.*
*Gold this ſide, and that ſide, his Judgment could draw,*
*He beſt could Plead Nonſence, and beſt make it Law;*
*To Right, or to Ruine, his Skill was beſt known,*
*And careful of every Mans Heirs but his own.*

*Few Words are beſt, and I think I deſerve a Ring for theſe.*

*From the Court of Requeſts.*

*Report.* The Senate, the Crowns proper Charge to diſburſe,
As proof of their Loyalty open their Purſe.
The Kings Royal Speech they with Candour receive;
Nor can he ask more than they're ready to give.

*Remark.* Beſt proof of Obedience by Money is ſhown,
The ableſt ſupport of the Law and the Crown.
If Money be given, we may ſhake off our Fears,
Whilſt the *French* find the Fate as before at *Poictiers*.
'Tis that, does our conſequent bleſſings prepare,
The life blood of Peace, as the Nerve of the War;
Who then of his Bullion would tell a vain Tale,
Or bragg of his Toping in Plate, his ſtrong Ale,
When Coyn'd into Money it ſafety might bring,
To his Country, Himſelf, his Religion and King.

*Poictiers*, where *Edward* Prince of *Wales* won a great Victory over the *French*, and took the King Priſoner.

*Good News to Men of Senſe, and pleaſing to all that are not* Jacobites, *or Madmen.*

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